NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

No. 5—VOL. XXIII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1811 [151

NORVAL AND JULIA.

A Scottish Tale.

In the twelfth century, when cruel war desolated the kingdom of Scotland, and party feuds created civil broils among the chieftains, Lord Decombe, the head of a great clan, retired from the tumult to a castle he possessed in the northern part, near the sea, which for size and strength was scarcely to be equalled; this he enjoyed his wife and one son, his only child, about two years old, a tenderly by all his faithful vassals. Sixteen years he was permitted to enjoy his vast domain in peace; which time he spent in instructing Norval, a youth possessed of every amiable quality that could endear him to his parents, and make him beloved and respected by every denomination of people; his days had glided on in peaceful serenity till the age of eighteen, when Malcomb, a haughty neighboring chief, envious of Lord Decombe's vast possessions, commenced hostilities against him, who, to avoid the danger of a siege, with which he was threatened, assembled his numerous vassals, determined to bend them, and meet his insolent foe. Norval entreated, in the most dutiful and respectful terms, to accompany his father to the field; his request was granted with pleasure by the old warrior; all hands were busied in making the necessary preparations. Early as the dawn the gray take the field, and heralds pass to call the foe to battle. The action commences—in a short time all is horror and confusion—the groans of the wounded and dying are overpowered by the din of arms. Long did young Norval fight by his father's side, often shielding his dear body from the numerous weapons aimed at it; but language is inadequate to express his agonizing sensations on seeing the enemy's sword pierce his father's breast. He caught him in his arms, and conveyed him in an instant to his tent; but alas! vain were his tender cares, his father's eyes were closed for ever—he sleep the sleep of death. Frantic with his loss, Norval flew back to the scene of action, and endeavoured to encourage his soldiers with the hope of conquest, he sprang forward among the thickest of the foe, followed by his faithful adherents, cutting down all before him. The enemy surprised by the sudden assault, fled with precipitation. Norval, hurried on by the desire of revenge, pursued them for sometime ere he perceived that he was alone; he would have returned, but it was too late. The pursued returned, surrounded, and endeavoured to disarm him; but determined to die, rather than be taken a prisoner, he bravely resisted for some time all attempts to that purpose, performing with his single arm prodigies of valour, till at length, covered with wounds, and overpowered by number, he was bound and conveyed in triumph before the now victorious army, to the castle of Malcomb; the remaining part of his troops having laid down their arms. On arriving at the domain of his conqueror, he was ordered and cast into a rotsome dungeon, there to wait the punishment which the tyrant Malcomb, to whom his hard fate had made him captive, might chose to inflict. Norval being left to his own sad reflections, deplored in heart piercing accents the death of his father, and unhappy destiny of his mother. Quite overcome by grief and despair, he sunk on the cold damp earth, where he remained some hours in a state bordering on insensibility. The guard who brought him his daily allowance, consisting of a small loaf and pitcher of water, humanely recovered him from his swoon, afterwards cleansing and binding up his wounds, of which he in a short time recovered. He several times attempted to gain a knowledge of his fate, but his guard, though benevolent, was true to his trust, and ever remained impenetrably silent. Norval had continued in this dismal situation near a month, his mind all the time tortured by the cruel pains of incertitude. When one day groaning about his dark and dreary abode, by way of exercise and amusement, he happened to stumble, and endeavouring to save himself from falling, his hand struck with violence against the wall, which he thought sounded hollow; he tried it again, and felt certain there was some passage or cavity; this gave him hopes of life and liberty, and he determined if possible to effect his escape. Accordingly, not expecting his guard till the following morning, he went to work with a small case knife he providentially had in his pocket. The prospect of liberty inspiring him with additional strength, in about three hours he had picked away the artificial wall, it proving only a light kind of plaister mixed up with fine sea gravel, but so curiously coloured, that had it not been for the accident just now mentioned; it in all probability never would have been discovered; behind he perceived a small door, but so fastened with bolts, long since grown rusty, that at first he despaired of accomplishing his purpose; perseverance, however, at length made to give way to his efforts. By a faint glimmering light, received through a hole in one corner of his dungeon, he discovered a few broken steps; he descended, and entered a narrow winding passage, and in a very short time found himself enveloped in total darkness—he stopped a minute, irresolute whether to proceed or return; but certain that no state could be more wretched than that he had for some time experienced, he determined at all events on the former. He had pursued his course near an hour, when to his great joy he perceived the light of the sun through an aperture at no great distance; he hastened towards the spot with delight, as it gave him a prospect of liberty; on reaching it he thrust his body partly through, and with inexpressible sensations of pleasure beheld once more the glorious orb of day, and inhaled the fresh air. He resolved to remain where he was till evening, lest he should be discovered by some people belonging to the castle. The day at length closed, and he quitted the subterraneous passage, bending his course towards the sea about a quarter of a mile distant. On reaching the beach, he stopped a moment, and cast his eyes over the vast waste of waters, which were greatly agitated. Shortly after the moon became obscured by thick black clouds, the wind howled dismally, the bulky billows rose to a tremendous height, portending a dreadful storm; and now the rain descended in torrents on his defenceless head, obliging him to seek shelter from the furious elements—a flash of lightning shewed him a small cavity in the side of a rock—he entered, overcome by fatigue and want of food. He was sitting painfully ruminating on his past misfortunes, when a foot step alarmed him—in a moment after a man entered, bearing a light—Norval retreated to the farther end of the cave, in hopes of not being discovered: but vain were his efforts, the rattling of the chain about his leg, which he had dragged with him from the dungeon, caused the stranger to start, who, looking around, walked hastily towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and thought he perceived something in one corner; holding the dark side of the lantern towards himself, the light shone full in Norval's face—'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'what is it I see! sure my senses deceive me; it cannot be Norval, the son of my dear deceased Lord' 'Yes it is that wretched being,' he replied; 'but if I mistake not the voice of the person who seems to take an interest in my fate, 'is that of Biron Fitzosborne.' 'The same,' replied the man, throwing down the lantern in a transport of joy, and embracing his knees. 'But how comes it that my lord is in this ignominious situation, fettered like a malefactor!' 'I have not strength or spirits at present to narrate my tale,' replied the woe worn Norval, being overcome by fatigue and want of sustenance. The baron, on hearing this, quitted Norval, and gathered up the fragment of the lantern, which had been shivered in pieces by the fall, though happily the light not extinguished, opened his wallet, producing a cold chicken and a bottle of wine, a small quantity of which he poured down the exhausted Norval's throat, which greatly revived him, and enabled him to eat a tolerable supper, after which the baron with a small file he fortunately had about him, released Norval from his galling chain, who, thanking him for the ease he had bestowed, demanded by what miraculous means he had escaped death, for sure he was he had seen him fall among the slain. The baron replied that as soon as he had received the arrow in his body, which laid him low, he could not tell how long he remained in that situation—when suddenly awaking from this death like sleep, he found himself on a bed of straw, an aged man and woman weeping over and endeavouring to recover him—he would have thanked them, but was unable through loss of blood. The old man knelt down by his side, and with extreme tenderness extracted the dart. In the course of three weeks the baron perfectly recovered. Being well supplied with provisions through their generosity, the baron set off in search of Norval. Nothing material happened during his journey, till the violence of the storm obliged him to take shelter in this rock, where he had happily and most unexpectedly found his honored lord, of whom he was in quest. The storm not abating, the baron took up the lantern, and with Norval proceeded to examine their apartment—it was large; in one corner they perceived a small cavity, which made them

...ing, as there might be other recesses in the rock. The baron was so struck instantly with the idea, that it might prove a place of shelter for his lord; animated by the thought, he determined to enter and explore the passage, though so low as to oblige him to creep on all fours! Norval followed; they had not proceeded far, ere they perceived the aperture was considerably higher, and in a few minutes found themselves in a high vaulted chamber; having proceeded to the end, they entered a narrow passage, of which they could see no termination. A death like stillness prevailed, rendered more terrible by being sometimes interrupted by the hollow sighings of the wind along the dark cavities; but on losing their light nearly extinguished, they were obliged to return, determing, however, the first opportunity to come better supplied and finish their search.

To be continued.

THE BROTHERS.

A youth who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quicksands, once more ventured in, and narrowly escaped from death. His elder brother who a few months before had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, won her affections and married her, and in those months had often wished both wife and the marriage state far enough, hearing of the danger his brother had been in, said to him, 'I am more surprised at your escape than at the danger you have been in; how could you be so foolish as to trust this dangerous element, because it did not at other times deceive you?'

'Then let it still less be a wonder to you (said the other) that your wife, since the time she has been your wife, often gives you cause for repentance; who told you to trust so fickle a sex, as the female, because a pretty girl smiled on you, and for days seemed to think well of you?'

'And what would you have had me do with this sex?'

'Study and learn it well!'

'Fool!' it would be like telling a seaman, after he had suffered all storms, to learn the depth and every rock in the fathomless deep; to both purposes one common course of life would not be sufficient, which seldom exceeds eighty or ninety years.'

DETACHED EXTRACTS.

Country dwells not amongst the sons of men; but, as Solomon says, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' We say favoured individual blessed with Sampson's hair, Milo's strength, Scandanberg's arm, Solomon's wisdom, Absalom's beauty, Croesus's wealth Cæsar's valor, Alexander's spirit, Cicero's eloquence Gyges' ring, Pegasus' Pegasus, Gorgon's head and Nestor's years, he would not be content—

For while in heaps his ample wealth descends,
He is not of his wish possessed.
There's something wanting still to make him blessed.

To think well of every other man's condition, and to dislike our own, is one of the misfortunes of human nature.

'Pleas'd with another's lot our own we hate.'

IMPROMPTU.

Tho' beauty may charm and tho' youth may invite,
Tis *affectation* alone can the senses delight!
For the cheek like a rose, may its blushes display
And the young dance on flow'rets to drive care away.
But if youth has no FEELING our hearts to beguile,
And if Beauty's soft cheek be not dress'd with a SMILE
Tis a PICTURE whose colours may pleasure impart
But whose touch nor enamours nor fires the HEART

ON LIFE

Long life is short, where virtuous men engage,
But to the bad one moment is an age!

VERSES

On an unfortunate young woman.

What! heard you not that ghost that shrieked th air.
And shrieked aloud the music of despair!
It was the echo of poor Mary's groan,
Who bled beneath a perjured lover's frown;
Down by yon wood with marble steps she hied,
Her dark companion was the murderous blade!

She stood! she shivered, gazed with frantic eye,
Unable to endure, yet loth to die:
Then to her breast she urged the cruel knife,
And burst the flood gates of the tide of life,
She fell! she shrieked—this was the sound that came
'O perish with me, infamy and shame!'

How could she bear her parents' pitying scorn,
Or stray an outcast, beggared and forlorn!
How could she bear the proud ones smiling frown,
Or hester bear the jewel honour gone!
How muse with pleasure on an unborn child,
Who could accuse her—even when it smiled.

Beside yon tree, where wintry breezes rave,
The waving rank-grass marks her unblest grave:
These turfs, her marriage bed, to her belong,
And the owl screamed her dirge and nuptial song.
Her infant too, lies with it's mother low,
Who shared her lot, but never felt her woe.
The earth now presses on it's embryo bend,
It's mother's shroud is now it's swaddling band,
Rest injured shades! your names are kept on high.
But still your fate must prompt the good man's sigh.

Tho' the proud pageant boasts the cent'nel host,
Which guards his father's bones from—purer dust,
And scowls upon thy grave: to me 'tis more dear
Than all the puppetry his aisle can wear.
Rest, injured shades! my pitying heart shall bleed,
Tho' still I start and shudder at the deed.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

THE THEFT.

I stole a kiss!
A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
That sighs, impurpurant, o'er the blossomed vale,
Rifling nectareous dews! ecstatic bliss!
Nor all the honied stores of balmy Spring,
Or Autumn bearing the replenished horn—
Nor pleasures, of the bright eyed Fancy born,
Which fleet across the brain on gilded wing,
And, even as the faint ideas hold,
Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
Can with such raptures all the feelings bind
As sweet affections kiss!—then be not cold,
But chaster than thy mate enamour'd dove,
Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

C. L. C.

TO MY NIGHT CAP

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clean my aching head,
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
The conscience doth encumber!

It matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of humble yarn or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses—
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.

M. L.

DEATH

Always casts a veil over the failings of those who are endowed with sensibility of heart; and those, who were really good, after they had ceased to breath, defended even among those who denied them when alive.

JEALOUSY

Is a noxious creeper, which whenever it is suffered to twine around the affection, retards its growth disarranges its seasons, and corrodes its fruit. It may be transplanted in a more generous ground, but it grows PONTANEOUSLY IN A BARREN soil.

DISTRUST

Is natural to an unfortunate being who has blushed for himself, it seems to him as if the eyes of the world were upon him, and saw his conduct in the same light as he does himself. The slightest neglect which he would not have noticed, while possessed of an unsullied conscience, appears to his guilty mind, even intended mark of contempt

GRATITUDE

All the sentiments which spring from gratitude, possess a religious character; they elevate the soul of him who feels them.

ECONOMICAL HINTS.

Some who have been called philosophers have said that poverty instead of being an evil is in reality a blessing. The subscriber is not of the same opinion; but willing that every one should judge for himself and wishing happiness to all, he will for the sake of those who by experience have found it to poverty point out some of the means of retaining that state of indigence. Firstly, supposing him a house keeper you must move as often as possible, at least every spring. Secondly if you be a mechanic or day labourer you must promise every one that applies to you although it be four times as many as you can accomodate; by that means you will offend all and no one will employ you but such as can get no other person, who perhaps will not make the best of payments. If you have land and but a week team, instead of tilling a small piece well, you must half till a large piece. If you have sodder enough to winter one cow, by all means try to winter two, giving half of it to each, by that means you will obtain as much milk as from one that is well fed, and one or both will die in the spring, and you can have the hides to make leather, but you had better sell them and buy whiskey to comfort you after the loss. Be sure to keep a couple of dogs, and give them what otherwise might feed a hog. You can buy your pork, a three dogs will bark and chase the fox as if the foxes loss no more wit than to come where there is nothing to be had—At any rate they can kill your own and your neighbours sheep. You must at least go hunting one day in the week, and in catching one squirrel or rabbit, spend as much time as if properly applied earn a quarter of veal or mutton, or a dozen pounds of beef. If in want of a piece of cloth, instead of buying wool and having a good strong piece manufactured in your family buy a low qualified piece of that which has been imported. If you have a number of sons, instead of bringing them up to trades, bring them up in idleness, without a knowledge of any reputable business—I would add several more such useful precepts, but I think these will secure to you the blessings of poverty, till I gain time to give further directions!

THE SEDUCTIONS OF LOVE.

Nothing appears at first sight with more innocence, more sweetness more ingenuousness or more complacency than Love. He seems always elated even bewitching and joyous—We believe that happiness lies in all his smiles. But alas! Sorrow dwells with his caresses. We perceive not his barbed arrow until we feel the fatal poison! Malicious deceitful boy! Thou only flatterest to deceive and when thou smilest it is but at thine own cruelty!

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1811.

Master Paine again—We understand that the manager has made a short engagement with Master Paine, who in consequence will make his appearance on Monday evening next, being nearly two years since his first exhibition on any stage. It is rumoured that in a few days he will perform *Lear* to Mr. Cooke's *Lear*, so that the public may expect a treat seldom enjoyed in this country. Columbian.

The dome of the capital at Washington, caught fire on the 31st ult. but was fortunately preserved after burning a hole about 20 feet square.

Revenue of Domestic Exports from the United States for the year 1810.

New York	10 928 583
Massachusetts	5,761,761
South Carolina	6,881 840
Pennsylvania	4 751 634
Virginia	4 632 829
Georgia	2 234,912
Orleans	1 753,974
District Columbia	984 463
Rhode Island	874 870
Connecticut	762,785
North Carolina	502 461
Maryland	406 138
New Jersey	392 789
Delaware	79 988
New Hampshire	224,623
Ohio	10,583
Michigan	3,571
Mississippi	2,958
Total value	66 757 971
Foreign Cotton	93 261 462
Cheese	741 878
Indian Corn	1054 252
Wheat Flour	798,431

On the 6th inst. two canoes loaded with provisions from our side, were lost in the ice in crossing from Point Levi—and, the Quebec papers add, the first accident of the kind which has occurred for 20 years.

PORTLAND, Feb. 14—On Sunday last arrived in town, Mr Lemuel Blanchard, a passenger in the schooner Harriot and Jane, Crombie from Eastport for Boston, was cast away on Monhegan island on the night of the 27th ul. The captain, crew and three passengers, a Mr Lyon of Boston, Mr. Blanchard of Passamaquoddy, and a negro servant of a gentleman who was going to New York by land, amounting to eleven, were obliged to sustain life, for nine days, a few herrings and biscuit, which they took ashore from their vessel; and all the water they could procure was from the spray of the ocean, frozen and separated from the salt. Mr Lyon the vessel struck about 12 o'clock in the night, and the people remained lashed to the wreck, the sea beating furiously upon them, until the tide permitted them to reach the shore of the adjacent island. It is proper to notice, that the above mentioned people are the same who capsized a Stover on the 5th ult. Captain Lyon made several ineffectual attempts to relieve them, which Mr. Blanchard says he shall remember with gratitude. Nothing of consequence was saved from the wreck.

The City, Southwark and Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, contain 67,303 inhabitants; & the County at large 23,907, so that the city and suburbs of New York contain upwards of 3000 more inhabitants than the city and liberties of Philadelphia.

Mr. Blodget of Washington, estimates the present number of the inhabitants of the United States and Territories at 6,985000, which is 3 persons to each mile; annual births 390 000; annual deaths 190,000; dwelling houses 1 275000; colleges 25; academies 74; improved land 40 950000 acres; horses 1,900000; horned cattle 3 760000; sheep 1,250000; imports 54,000000; exports 52 000000; banks 95; bank capitals 54 000000; custom house bonds 9 600,000—total valuation of the United States 2510,000,000.

A Mermaid—A letter from Monmouth dated the 13th inst. says—'About eight o'clock yesterday morning, two fishermen, going down the river in their truckles fishing for salmon, found the net much heavier than usual, and on coming to shore, they found it contained a huge monster, the upper part of it bearing the exact resemblance of a man, the middle of a beast, spotted like a leopard, and a tail like a fish, the hair on his head green—he has red eyes, and tusks five inches and half in length, and measures from head to tail thirteen feet three quarters. He is now deposited in the Town hall for the inspection of the curious.

London paper.

At Worcester *Assizes* a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersell, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious bluster ng counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim, 'Pray Sir do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?' 'I acknowledge my ignorance (replied the clergyman) I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, I only know that a bull I am told has horns; and a bully, bowing respectfully to the counsellor, luckily for me has none.' ibid.

PLEASURE OF PAYING DEBTS.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! Sir T. Littleton made this observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from a dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and thereby gratifies our most social affections. It promotes our future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what you want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue. And it is a measure which we know to be right, both in point of justice and sound policy. Finally, it is the main support of reputation.

[The above is recommended to the attention of those who subscribe for newspaper and never pay for them.]

COURT OF HYMEN.

MAY Hymen design to bless their live with love,
The Heaven born gift of great immortal joy—
May time, the fire of love, ere to ashes pass,
And the [illegible] increase with every passing hour.

MARRIED,

At Rye on Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Haskill Mr Benjamin G. Barker, of the house of S. & B. G. Barker, of this city, to Miss Deborah Purdy, of the former place.

At Mount Pleasant, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, Mr. John Wills, of this city, to Miss Maria Leacock of the former place.

Near Albany, Isaac Fonday, of Albany, to Miss Martha Townsend——In Ulster county, Thomas N. Jansen, to Miss Sarah Van Gunsbeck.

At Carlisle, Stephen Duncan esq to Miss Margaret Stiles, of Philadelphia—At Providence, Simon Cole, to Miss Sarah Mason—At Stafford, Burrit Curtiss to Miss Sally Curtiss, after a long and tedious courship of 13 years.

MORTALITY.

HOW anxiously we grasp a shade,
And toil for fortune's glitt ring toys,
We seek for what will us evade,
Untill we reach substantial joys.

DIED,

On Thursday morning last in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Magdalen Will, widow of the late Henry Will Esq.

At Albany Jonathan Warner jun—At Canajoharie Mrs Maria Wynckoop

At Philadelphia last week. 22 adults and 22 children—Total 44—also Richard Robertson aged 69

In Rahway Robert Clark—In Ohio Col Oliver Spencer formerly of Elizabethtown—At Providence Mrs. Elizabeth Snelling

SALES AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY & CO.
Saturday, 23d inst.

Lot No 1, all that certain lot of ground, 25 by 75 being the south east corner of Bedlow and Scammel street.

Also a lot Fronting on Scammel street, adjoining the above.

No 2, Also the lot of ground south east corner of Lombardy and Scammel street, 25 feet front and rear and 75 deep

Also a lot adjoining the above fronting on Scamel street. These lots will be the most improving situations for grocery stores, as a public market and ferry is about to be erected at the foot of Scamel street. Scamel street leads from Grand street to the East river, and is near the residence of Col Rutgers.

Also all that certain Lot of ground No 27 Mangin street, on the south side of the way between Grand and Broome str. being 25 feet front and rear and 100 deep on each side—this street is nearest the water between the two ferrys at Corlears hook.

The above property will be sold on liberal terms, viz 20 per cent on the day of sale—30 per cent on delivery of the deeds, and the remainder may remain on mortgage for a number of years.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE HOLLY TREE

O reader! hast thou ever stood to view
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen—
No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round
Can reach to wound—
But as they grow where nothing is th fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize!
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after time.

So, tho' abroad perhaps I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends i'll be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show.
All vain appetites I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?
So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng—
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

POOR BARLEY CORN.

When the chill north-east blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When pyes and daws, and doobes and crows,
Do sit and curse the frosts and snows,
Then give me ale.

A'e, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march o' the Swedish drum,
Disputes the prince's laws and rights,
What's gone and past tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the ploughman's heart upleaps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones;
That wives the eye, that ever weeps,
And lulls in soft and easy sleeps
The tired bones.

Ale, that securely climbs the tops
Of cedars tall and lofty towers,
When giddy grapes and creeping hops
Are hoden up with poles and props
For lack of powers.

When the Septentrian seas are froze
By Boreas's biting gale,
To keep, unpinched the Russian's nose,
And save unrot the Vandal's toes
O! give me ale.

Grandchild to Ceres, Barley's daughter,
Wine a emulous neighbour, if but stale,
Eam'ing all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
Hah! give me ale.

EDWARD ROCKWELL,

NO 200 Broad-way

Respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold fine rings some plain, fine gold enamel and fingree, some with cornelian and pearl, topaz & pearl with hair do. drops do., with cornelian, topaz and pearl of the newest patterns, a large assortment of pearl and plain breast pins, brooches, bracelets and necklaces, pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table desert and teaspoons, sugar tongs salt spoons, silver snuff boxes, thimbles, corneliens and beads and coral leases.

He has also fashionable plated silver gadeaoon edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and chamber candlesticks, do snuffers and trays with silver gadeaoons and shells, liquor frames, bread baskets with silver gadeaoon and shells, fruit baskets, dito cruet and do frames, cruet frames with rich cut glass of 6 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadeaoon shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell, pearl and russia sugar boxes, silver, gilt, plated and steel spectacles, pen and sportsman's knives, razors and lances, suppers, tooth brushes, sheathes, bodkins, hooks and eyes, cornelian, coral, amber, pearl and gilt beads, table knives and forks, Steel and Carver's Britania tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business which are too numerous to mention, which he will sell at the lowest prices. Feb 23

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTIFRICE CHEMICALLY PREPARED

JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Nephus ultra razors, with three blade, also, insignum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality! gentlemens portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemans japanned easing Cases of different sizes for sale by *Nathan Smith* Chymical Perfumer from *London*, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

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